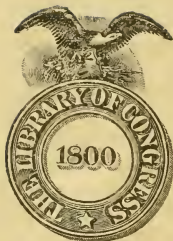


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HISTORY OF
RICHMOND TOWNSHIP
—
KEESY



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ROSTER
of
RICHMOND SOLDIERS
and
HISTORY *of* RICHMOND
TOWNSHIP

By
REV. W. A. KEESY

TIFFIN, OHIO

PRICE BOUND

Paper, . . . 35 Cents
Cloth, . . . 50 Cents

1908

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REV. W. A. KEESY

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Preface.

The author has no apology for presenting the public with this work. It seems no one else would undertake it. He has waited twenty years for something like it and now that he is growing old and that the old soldiers are passing away, the old settlers gone, and the history being lost, he is prompted to push it.

He is grateful to A. F. Sweetland of the 55th regiment, Co. I. for the roster, Edward Franklin, Co. I. 55th regiment, O. V. V. I. and Doctor E. V. Buckingham, M. D., for help rendered.

It can readily be seen that the scope of sale, so limited, presents no financial temptation. But it will be a souvenir to generations yet to come and we make the sacrifice.

THE AUTHOR.

THE LANING COMPANY
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NORWALK - - OHIO

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A Complete Roster of Soldiers who went to the Civil War from Richmond Township, Huron County, Ohio. Compiled by A. F. Sweetland. Revised by W. A. Keesy.

Name.	Age	Entered Service	Company.	Regiment.	Rank.	Discharged	Remarks.
Andrews, Wesley J....	36	June 18, '63	M.	1st O. V. H. A	Corporal	Mar. 1, '65.	Hosp. Steward.
Andrews, Milton L....	27	June 22, '63	M.	1st O. V. H. A	Private..	May 30, '65.	
Beelman, George W..	20	Apr. 29, '61	D.	8th O. V. I...	Private..	Aug. 18, '61	
Bishop, David A....	24	Sept. 11, '61	F.	3d O. Cav....	Private..	Aug. 4, '65.	App. Q. M. Sgt.
Bishop, Levi L.....	36	Sept. 23, '64	I.	33d O. V. I....	Private..	June 5, '65.	
Carpenter, Sidney ...	23	Aug. 13, '62	C.	123d O. V. I...	Private..	July 24, '64.	
Carpenter, —.....	22	Aug. 4, '62	1st	Dept. Eng'r's	
Carson, William	23	Aug. 15, '62	C.	123d O. V. I...	Corporal	June 12, '65.	
Carson, Henry	23	Aug. 20, '61	D.	32d O. V. I...	Private..	Dec. 9, '63.	
Carson, Jacob	18	Aug. 13, '62	C.	123d O. V. I...	Private..	June 12, '64.	
Carpenter, David N..	30	May 2, '64	C.	164th O. V. I..	Private..	Aug. 27, '64	
Casey, Jacob	18	Aug. 22, '61	D.	32d O. V. I...	Private..	Aug. 20, '65	
Croninger, Jacob	37	Feb. 25, '64	A.	2d O. V. Cav..	Private..	June 16, '65	No further record.
Cline, James	33	Aug. 20, '61	D.	32d O. V. I...	Private..	Joined Conf. Army
Casner, Moses	27	Aug. 27, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Prisoner...	Or was dropped
Casner, John C.....	25	Aug. 20, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Nov. 18, '62	

Casner, Jeremiah	22	Aug. 17, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	[Creek, Va. Killed Cedar
Casner, Stephen	19	Feb. 24, '64	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Oct. 19, '64.	
Ditto, Adam A.....	25	Oct. 14, '61	H.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Mar. 12, '65	Killed.
Dorn, Jacob	39	Aug. 19, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Jan. 15, '63.	Killed battle Winchester, Va.
Ebersole, Henry	21	Aug. 22, '62	I.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 15, '63	Killed battle Winchester, Va.
Franklin, Edmond...	23	Oct. 12, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	July 11, '65.	
Fewson, John	29	Dec. 17, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	June 9, '65.	
Fackler, Phillip.....	24	Sept. 23, '64	D.	64th O. V. I..	Private..	June 1, '65.	
Fetterhoof, Christian.	33	May 15, '64	H.	166th O. V. I..	Private..	Sept. 9, '64.	
Fox, William	43	Dec. 24, '63	B.	121st O. V. I..	Private..	May 18, '65.	
Fink, Daniel V	24	Aug. 24, '62	C.	123d O. V. I..	Sergeant	Jan. 12, '65.	
Fink, Isaac L	20	Aug. 22, '62	I.	123d O. V. I..	Corporal	July 18, '64.	Killed at Snicker's Ferry, Va.
Fink, John F.....	18	Aug. 22, '62	I.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	Corporal.
Gardiner, Benjamin..	27	Sept. 7, '61	I.	15th O. V. I..	Private..	Nov 25, '65	
Hahn, John	27	Aug. 15, '62	I.	3d O. Cav.....	Farrier..	June 17, '65	
Hahn, Thomas.....	26	Dec. 10, '63	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	
Hahn, Henry	21	Aug. 19, '61	D.	32d O. V. I..	Private..	Aug. 25, '64	
Hord, Wilson S.....	22	Aug. 17, '61	D.	32d O. V. I..	Corporal	Sept. 25, '62	Killed on car.
Hord, William S.....	18	Nov. 17, '61	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	Jan. 18, '64.	Killed near Big Shanty, Ga.
Hoyles, John.....	33	Oct. 24, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Dec. 5, '64.	
Hungerford, Zadoc M	42	Nov. 20, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Sept. 10, '62	
Holtz, Jacob.....	43	Sept. 23, '64	D.	64th O. V. I..	Private..	June 16, '65	
Hershiser, Peter M...	39	Sept. 23, '64	D.	64th O. V. I..	Private..	June 16, '65	

Roster of Soldiers who went to the Civil War from Richmond Township, Huron County—Continued.

Name.	Age.	Entered Service.	Company.	Regiment.	Rank.	Discharged	Remarks.
Hutchinson, Wm	21	July 9, '63	B.	60th O. V. I..	Sergeant	July 25, '65.	
Hershiser, David	164th O. V. I..	Private..	
Hutchinson, Charles.	18	Feb. 20, '64	B.	60th O. V. I..	Apr. 22, '64	Died Camp Chase, O
Johnson, Hiram M...	26	Nov. 24, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	May 15, '64	Killed, Resacca, Ga.
Johnson, Oliver B....	24	Oct. 24, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	July 11, '65.	Sg't; w'n'd 3 times
Jackson, Thomas.....		Oct. 22, '61	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	Oct. 18, '65.	Leg broken in R. R. wreck.
Keesy, William A....	18	Oct. 24, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Dec. 11, '62	Dis. at Fairfax, Va
Keesy, William A....	21	Sept. 23, '64	D.	64th O. V. I..	Private..	June 16, '65	Dis. N'shv'le, Tenn
Kirkwood, Lewis	40	Sept. 23, '64	I.	33d O. V. I..	Private..	June 5, '65.	
Kelly, Joseph.....	19	July 15, '63	M.	1st O. H. A...	Private..	July 25, '65.	
Moore, Luther J.....	30	Dec. 1, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Dec. 11, '62	
Moore, Henry	20	Nov. 13, '61	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	June 20, '62	
Moore, Wilson.....	19	Aug. 13, '62	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Mar. 20, '63	
Moore, George P.....	19	Feb. 19, '64	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	
Miller, George H.....	23	Oct. 4, '61	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	Mar. 9, '63.	

[illegible]

Roster of Soldiers who went to the Civil War from Richmond Township, Huron County—Continued

Name.	Age.	Entered Service.	Company.	Regiment.	Rank.	Discharged.	Remarks.
Steel, Jacob	34	Aug. 13, '62	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	
Steel, Simon	32	Aug. 15, '62	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 14, '65	
Shafer, Frederick ...	44	Aug. 17, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	Dec. 25, '64	Died in prison at Salisbury.
Snyder, Simon	23	July 21, '63	M.	1st O. H. A. ...	Private..	May 24, '65	
Sparks, Mahlon	43	Oct. 2, '61.	A.	64th O. V. I..	1st S'rgt	May 21, '65	
Seavolt, Levi	18	Oct. 8, '61.	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	July 22, '64	Killed near Atlanta.
Seavolt, Isaac	17	Aug. 22, '62	I.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	Sergeant.
Seavolt, Altamont ...	16	—	H.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Died in the service.
Shanks, Adam	21	Oct. 24, '61	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	Mar. 8, '62	Died.
Shanks, Martin L. ...	18	July 21, '63	M.	1st O. H. A. ...	Private..	July 25, '65	
Shanks, John	49th O. V. I..	Private..	No further record.
Sykes, Andrew J.	22	Sept. 28, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Corporal	May 15, '64	Killed, Lieutenant.
Sykes, Royal	19	Sept. 6, '61	F.	3d O. V. Cav..	Private..	April 17, '62	Died.
Sykes, Otis, (15) ...	15	Aug. 13, '62	C.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 6, '65	Lost a leg in battle.
Shoup, Anderson	18	Sept. 5, '61	H.	49th O. V. I..	Private..	Sept. 9, '62	
Sheeley, Christian ...	37	May 2, '64.	C.	164th O. V. I..	Sergeant	Aug. 27, '64	[V. R. C.
Sweetland, Daniel ...	40	Nov. 10, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Corporal	Nov. 12, '64	Sgt. D. 14th Regt.
Sweetland, Andrew F.	18	Sept. 20, '61	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Sept. 21, '64	H. 7th Regt. V. R. C.

Sweetland, Marlin F.	18	July 4, '63..	M.	1st O. H. Art..	Private..	July 25, '65	Died Sept. 20, '98.
Sykes, William H....	28	May 2, '64..	166th O. V. I..	Surgeon..	Sept. 9, '64	
Thorley, John W....	18	Nov. 1, '61.	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	Nov. 30, '64	[chester, Va. Killed battle Win-
Tanner, Nathan.....	26	Feb. 6, '65.	G.	191st O. V. I..	Private..	Aug. 27, '65	
Thompson, Frederick	43	Sept. 11, '61	F.	3d O. V. Cav..	Private..	Aug. 4, '65	
Thompson, Fred'k D.	23	Oct. 28, '61.	C.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	Dec. 14, '64	
Thompson, Aaron ...	18	Sept. 11, '61	F.	3d O. V. Cav..	Sergeant	Aug. 4, '65	
Vogle, Charles	23	Aug. 17, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 13, '63	[V. R. Corps. Transferred to
Williams, Allen.....	22	Mar. 1, '62.	D.	32d O. V. I....	Private..	Mar. 2, '65	
Williams, John.....	18	Aug. 16, '61	D.	32d O. V. I....	Private..	Mar. 25, '64	
Williams, Hulbert L.	22	June 25, '63	M.	1st O. H. Art..	Corporal	
Wilson, William L....	18	Nov. 1, '61.	I.	55th O. V. I..	Private..	June 1, '62	
Woodruff, Peter V....	37	May 2, '64.	D.	166th O. V. I..	Private..	Sept. 9, '64	Disability. [Mills. Killed at Pickets
Yetter, John.....	37	June 22, '63	M.	1st O. H. Art..	Private..	July 25, '65	
Yetter, Simeon	30	June 23, '63	M.	1st O. H. Art..	Sergeant	July 25, '65	
Yetter, George	24	June 22, '63	M.	1st O. H. Art..	Private..	July 25, '65	
Yetter, Henry.....	31	Sept. 25, '64	G.	65th O. V. I..	Private..	June 16, '65	
Zimmerman, Mat. Sr	43	Sept. 5, '61	K.	49th O. V. I..	Private..	July 2, '62	[Mills. Killed at Pickets
Zimmerman, Mat. Jr	18	Aug. 22, '62	E.	123d O. V. I..	Private..	June 12, '65	
Zimmerman, Nicholas	22	Sept. 5, '61	K.	49th O. V. I..	Private..	

CHAPTER I.

The foregoing roster will account for most of the contents, and why this book is written. And we only need to add here that the thrilling scenes leading up to the civil war can briefly be summed up as follows:

The desire to extend human slavery. That infamous institution, the "Sum of *all* villanies."

The Dred Scott decision, by the courts, in which humanity was outraged.

The civil war of Kansas, caused by an effort to make Kansas a slave state.

The John Brown raid on and capture of Harpers Ferry.

Inflammatory speeches made both in the north and south.

The political pot was boiling over when, in 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected president. And the southern states began to secede from the federal union. Secession had been advocated by Jefferson Davis and others, in the national congress prior to the war, for ten years.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated president on March 4, 1861.

On the twelfth of April, 1861, Fort Sumpter was fired upon. On the fifteenth day of April the president called for 75,000 three-months' troops, to put down the rebellion. But this war storm increased

so furiously that on May the third he called for 500,000 three-years' men to save the Union.

That Richmond did her part nobly in the mighty conflict of four years' struggle which ensued, we must first consider that there were called into the Union army in those four years, 2,859,132 men of which Ohio furnished 319,659 and Richmond township, out of a population of 900, puts into the field, as the roster will show, 112 men. Now Ohio has eighty-eight counties. She has 1,357 townships, but most of them, not like Richmond, have large cities or villages at most where population was heavier.

There were 2,208 land and fifty naval engagements during that war, making a total of 2,258 engagements.

The adjutant general's report shows the whole number of deaths in that army up to 1870 to be 303,504.

Killed outright 60,000. Such battles as Chickamauga, Nashville, The Wilderness, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Stone River, Gettysburg and Franklin were awful to contemplate, and are no more appreciated today than a skirmish is to a real battle.

THE STATE OF OHIO.

By the treaty with Great Britian, her rights were relinquished in the Northwest Territory and the United States assumed control, acknowledging the claim made by Virginia of 3,709,848 acres of land near the Rapids of the Ohio, and a similar claim made by Connecticut of 3,666,621 acres near Lake Erie which became known as the Western Reserve.

In 1787 congress passed the ordinance creating the "Northwest Territory," creating the first commonwealth in the world, whose organic law recognized every man as free and equal.

The first permanent settlement was made at Marietta, in 1788, under the ordinance, by Officers of the Revolution Army.

In 1800 congress divided the Northwest Territory into two governments, the seat of the eastern government being Chillicothe.

November 29, 1802, a constitution of state government was ratified, and on February 19, 1803, the constitution was ratified by congress, admitting the state of Ohio as the seventeenth state of the Union in order of admission.

The seat of government was at Chillicothe until 1810, it was then moved to Zanesville until 1812, when it was returned to Chillicothe until 1816, when it found its present, permanent location at Columbus.

Ohio has 88 counties.

Ohio has 1,357 townships.

OHIO.

"The sun never shown on a country more fair

Than beautiful, peerless Ohio.

There's life in a kiss of her rarified air,

Ohio, prolific Ohio.

Her sons are valiant and noble and bright,

Her beautiful daughters are just about right,

And her babies, God bless them, are clear out of
sight—

That crop never fails in Ohio.

"Our homes are alight with a halo of love,
Ohio, contented Ohio.
We bask in the smiles of the heavens above—
No clouds ever darken Ohio.
Our grain waves its billows of gold in the sun,
The fruits of our orchards are equaled by none,
And our pumpkins, some of them, weighing a ton—
We challenge the world in Ohio.

"Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace,
They are perfect in figure and lovely in face,
That's what they are in Ohio.
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and sweet,
Their dresses are stylish, yet modest and neat,
A Trilby would envy their cute little feet,
In beautiful, peerless Ohio.

"When the burdens of life I am called to lay down,
I hope I may die in Ohio.
I never could ask a more glorious crown,
Than one of the sod in Ohio.
And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea,
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft if you choose, but for me—
I think I'll stay in Ohio."

HURON COUNTY.

Huron county formed February 7, 1809, and organized in 1815.

It originally constituted the whole of the Fire Lands.

The site of Norwalk was first visited by the Hon.

16 *Roster of Richmond Soldiers and*

Elias Whittlesey, Platt Benedict and two others, in October, 1815.

In 1817 Platt Benedict built the first log cabin where Norwalk now stands. In May, after, Norwalk was made the county seat.

In 1819 two Indians were executed for murder at Norwalk. Their names were Ne-go-sheck and Ne-gon-a-ba.

As it is not our purpose to give a history of the county here, I will subjoin a list of the townships in the county and dismiss it.

	1840	1880
Bronson	1291	1092
Clarksfield	1473	1042
Fairfield	1067	1359
Fitchville	1294	822
Greenfield	1460	900
Greenwich	1067	1376
Hartland	925	954
Lyme	1318	2575
New Haven	1270	1807
New London	1218	1764
Norwich	676	1157
Norwalk	2613	7078
Peru	1998	1194
Richmond	306	1014
Ridgefield	1599	2359
Ripley	804	1038
Ruggles*	1244	

*Ruggles has since been detached from Huron and given to Ashland county, leaving Huron nineteen townships. Richmond township was set off from New Haven in 1835.

History of Richmond Township.

17

	1840	1880
Sherman	692	1223
Townsend	868	1405
Wakeman	702	1450

CHAPTER II.

RICHMOND TOWNSHIP—DESCRIPTION.

Richmond is the southwest corner township of Huron county, Ohio. The south half, or nearly so, is a marsh, called the New Haven marsh. It is about ten miles in extent, east and west, and about five miles north and south. The ground or surface of this marsh is a mushy, slushy muck, created by the enormous growth of vegetation and the water held intact. This is so soft that an ox or horse would mire right down in it. It will be readily seen, therefore, that the marsh one-half of Richmond is untenable and this, with no village, will account for the small population of the township at the time of the war.

Now this marsh was composed of three useful sections, viz.: one-third or about that was called the hay marsh. When yet in the commons, and free to the public, I have seen from 500 to 1,000 hay stacks on it. When mowing time came, whoever wanted to could go in and mow. Then when cured, the hay had to be carried to the stack by hand. Here it was left unmolested (except by storm or fire) until winter froze the bottom so a team with sled could be taken on and loaded down.

The early wild hay was of poor quality, and only used in emergency, the small clearings yet furnishing but small acreage of tame hay.

About one-third of this marsh was known as

the cranberry marsh. This yielded thousands of bushels of cranberries in a season. It was usually raked over first, then the remaining berries were gathered by hand.

MARSH NOTES.

My father, John Keesy (Geesy), gathered twenty-four bushels of cranberries, before he ate his breakfast, one morning.

Ezekiel Buckingham gathered sixty bushels in one day.

Doctor E. V. Buckingham dug up on this marsh, the tooth of a mastodon, which weighed three pounds and seven ounces. He also found a rib which measured three feet in length.

About one-third of this marsh was covered with whortleberry bushes, maple trees and undergrowth of bushes, and was known as the "Pigeon Roost" or Whortleberry marsh.

This yielded thousands of bushels of berries annually, and was a great source of revenue for those who lived in the adjacent country.

The maple trees were sometimes even broken down by the weight of the teeming myriads of wild pigeons flocking there to roost by night. I have seen the skies darkened from three o'clock until dark, by the millions of pigeons coming from their feeding ground up north, the beach wood and green field, to their roost in the marsh. So in the morning on their return.

People would come from fifteen miles around to

go in the roost at night and kill and sack off these birds.

Wilson Moore, a ditcher, says he killed twenty-one massasoggers, (rattle snakes) in one day, and it was not a very good day for "soggers" either.

Charley Thompson was lost on this marsh for nearly a week, just after the civil war; the writer with nearly 100 men hunted two days for him. Having gotten off on the south side he was rescued near New Washington in Crawford county.

In dry seasons, frequently, a wall of fire miles in length could be seen sweeping across this marsh, terrifying the border settlers, endangering anything in its path.

The Honey Creek on the west, flowing into the Sandusky river near Tiffin, which in turn empties into Sandusky Bay at Fremont and the Marsh Run on the east, which empties into Huron river in New Haven township, and in turn reaches the lake at Huron, furnish outlet for the waters of this marsh. The numerous ditches turned into these have transformed this wilderness into a very garden of beauty and it will be a joy forever.

A small colony of Hollanders have built a village at the intersection of the muck and dry land, on the township line between Richmond and New Haven and are caring for hundreds of acres of celery, onions, potatoes and garden truck of all kinds. This now is the Excelsior.

Eureka, they have built a church, have a school house, are a very religious people, and are shipping their produce in car loads from this Elderado while

the very muck is now turned into a very marketable and profitable commerce.

The north half of Richmond township was covered with dense forest of heavy timber, the white oak being the monarch of the forest, hickory, beech, maple, bass-wood and ash in abundance, a variety of others such as sycamore, buckeye, elm, black ash, etc., interspersed with a few locust, iron-wood, dogwood, gum walnut, poplar and burr-oak.

The soil is a rather heavy, though fertile clay, and the rock almost invariably lies one hundred feet beneath blue clay or hard pan. The surface when properly tilled, tiled and fertilized is a very productive loam. But I am anticipating.

The early settlers here found wild game in abundance. The wild turkey, wild geese, ducks, pheasants, the deer, bear, raccoon, o'possum, the fox, gray, black and red squirrel, ground hog, mink, panther, wolves and Indians.

The rattle snake, with numerous kinds of less harmful reptiles, was in evidence then.

This early game was hard on the farmers' small fields of corn, wheat and grain, but this in turn enticed and drew these fattening creatures in range of his unerring and fatal rifle. Thus a fair exchange was rendered both.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY SETTLERS, INDUSTRIES, CHURCHES.

There were three men, probably brothers, by the name of Schofield, who were the first to take up their abode in Richmond. They settled on the edge of the marsh.

A Mr. Navel came next. He settled on what has since been known as the Ezekiel Buckingham farm. He had a little hand double burred mill and as settlers came in they would dry their corn and take it there to grind by hand. Mr. Ed. Franklin tells me that he helped turn this mill.

Then came Packard and Lake and settled on what became known as the Daniel Sykes farm. A man and family next settled nearby on the Kirkwood farm and then Jas. Young settled down on the hill just east of the Catholic cemetery near the New Haven line. Hutchinsons came in 1836, Reuben Franklin came in 1835, the Hutchinsons in 1836, Daniel Sykes in 1837, Ezekiel Buckingham in 1842, John Keesy (Geesy) in 1842, Daniel Sweetland on Jan. 1, 1848, Andrew being five years old at the time, Nathan and Benjamin Tanner with others in the early forties.

I herewith give a list of the settlers of Richmond from memory up to the civil war. Pardon any omission.

Andrews.	Dicks.
	Ditto.
Burlin.	Dole.
Buckingham.	
Boyles.	Esterline.
Beamer.	Ebinger.
Bronson.	Eversole.
Barrels.	
Briggs.	Frederick.
Bishop.	Fetterhoof.
Beelman.	Fosters.
Brubaker.	Foglesong.
Biuerle.	Finks.
Bash.	Fuller.
Bessie.	Facklers.
Brant.	Fox.
Baughman.	Fast.
	Fulmer.
Courtright.	
Cline.	Gribben.
Croninger.	Gurney.
Carpenter.	Gardner.
Channing.	
Cole.	Hungerford.
Crothers.	Hutchinson.
Carsons.	Hoyles.
Clark.	Hahns.
Crawford.	Hord.
	Hershiser.
Dunster.	Hicks.
Draher.	Hough.
Day.	
Dawson.	Jump.

Johnson.	Pond.
Jacoby, Rev.	Plank.
Jackson.	Platt.
	Pollinger.
Keesy.	Posts.
Koder.	Palmer.
Kelly.	Pressler.
	Parks.
Lutts.	Pearch.
Lewis.	
Loggerson.	Ringle.
Lane, Rev.	Rice.
	Randles.
McKittric.	Resh.
Markley.	Riddle.
McBride.	Robinsons.
McMaster.	Roopely.
Motters.	Reiner.
Moores.	Rogers.
Millers.	Rittenhouse.
Mowen, Rev.	
Mohler.	Steels.
Mongold.	Sweetland.
	Shoup.
Newman	Sciser.
Nesbitt.	Sparks.
Navel.	Spencers.
	Sheely.
Ogden.	Staley.
Oliman.	Shineberger.
	Shanks.
Peckingpaugh.	Snyder.
Pitts.	Sage.

Seavolt.	Waltz.
Shrieves.	Wolf.
Swartz.	Wauil.
Slater.	Williams.
	Willoughby.
Tanners.	Weaver.
Thompsons.	
Thorley.	Yettters.
	Yeager.
Upp.	
	Zimmerman.

The first schoolhouse was built on the Daniel Sykes farm. The second, one mile north of the center, on the Tiffin road and on the northeast corner. Both frame and built by Daniel Franklin, his father being the contractor.

The state of Ohio, cut out, or opened up the Tiffin road in 1831-2, across the township from east to west, running one mile north of the center. This was done to accommodate the heavy emigration already setting in for the west. In after years in the fall and spring, scarcely ten minutes of the day would pass but that you could count from one to a dozen or more covered wagons, called flittens, passing along on this road enroute for the west. The wagons were mostly the old "Prairie Schooner" style and had a capacity for tons.

Willard Pond, a very disreputable character, having a son named Luther, and his father's equal in depravity, has the distinction of keeping the first tavern in Richmond. He first occupied a double log house, located on Tiffin road one mile north of the center and on the northwest corner. The weary

traveler found lodging with him and rumor had it that some lodged to stay.

Michael Lutts also kept a tavern about a half mile east of the Seneca county line on the Tiffin road. This was a great rendezvous for dances, shooting matches and raffling bees so prevalent in those days. Tavern called "The Buckhorn."

Abram Pollinger, later, kept a "Travelers' Home," just the next farm east of the Lutts' tavern. This was run under temperance principles.

Amos Ogden erected the first saw mill (of the old sash saw style), which did a great business. It was located in the hollow on the south side of the Tiffin road just west of New Haven line.

William Coe came next and built a mill two miles north of the center. This was the first muley saw for this new country and did a great business.

John F. Miller and D. Y. Fink had a good mill about three miles west of the Coe mill where Frank Keesy now lives, later.

About this time the Sandusky-Mansfield railroad was built across the northeast corner of Richmond and although the township got no depot, it got a market for cord wood and timber, as all the engines, shops and stoves burned wood.

Then the Mad River railroad was built which made a market and furnished employment so that the forests awoke from their long slumber.

Old Mr. Cole and his son, Newman, established a steam plant at the center of Richmond and commenced the manufacture of chairs. A few wagon loads were sent upon the market, but the plant was never put upon a paying basis and soon went down.

Jones Fackler did the public blacksmithing for a time. His plant was on the center road near the New Haven line.

Then came Mr. John Fink on Tiffin road near Seneca county line. For that day he was a first class mechanic. He was followed in blacksmithing by a Mr. Lusk whose plant could be found on center road three miles north of the center, where he did a lively business.

Robert Moore was a grain cradle manufacturer. He turned out a first class machine and the name "Moore's cradle" would insure a sale.

Billy Johnson was the only early settler who could make and properly hang the ox yoke, an important wooden harness for the ox teams, more numerous than horses in that day.

Hiram Snyder turned out a good yoke in after days.

John H. Keesy and Sadoc Hungerford were the successful ax helve makers.

Wm. Post and Luther Moore, violinists. Jacob Croninger, squirrel and turkey hunter. Solomon Williams and — Randles made guns. N. M. Keesy and Arch. Riddle were famous for handling oxen, especially in clearing. Skill was required in logging.

Reuben Franklin was the first justice of the peace. Huriah Robinson, Daniel Sweetland, Joseph H. Beelman, John Keesy, Jerry Williams, Wm. Jump also held the above named office with credit.

Old Messrs. Fetterhoof and Koder each brought the old fashioned Pennsylvania wagon called "Prairie Schooner," with him to Richmond.

It is claimed that the last bear killed in the

township was killed on Daniel Sweetland's farm. The tree on which it was shot, a burr oak, called from the incident, the "*Old Ben Tree*," was left standing until the B. & O. railroad was built in 1872, when their right of way enclosed it and it was cut down.

In the early forties, before the Republican party was fully launched, there were eight Whigs, Benjamin Tanner, Ed. Franklin, Daniel Sykes, Lewis Kirkwood, Wm. Jump, Robert Moore, Daniel Sweetland and John Keesy. These all planted firmly on the Republican platform when the Whig party died.

The last wild deer was killed by Peter B. F. Keesy on the line which is now between Wm. Eitle and John H. Keesy's farms, about midway between the Tiffin and Center roads. It had been wounded before Peter got it.

I saw a drove, or flock, of not less than 500 wild turkeys, when a boy, cross the Tiffin road rapidly headed southward toward the marsh.

People in those days had to let most of their stock run loose in the woods. This required a special mark, for each owner's stock which had to be recorded with the township clerk. My father's recorded mark was the tip off the left and swallow fork in the right ear.

Hogs would live and fatten on the shack in the woods, stray away and get wild. People would take dog and gun, go into the hog swamp and secure their winter meat.

Aunt Martha Jane Feasel tells me that she has yoked up the oxen for the purpose of hauling

wood, sap or logs, going to mill and other uses, many a time.

When a boy I have gone six miles with my mother to pull flax. When dry enough we had to pound the seed off, then we could take the straw home, rot, break, smoke, skutch, heckel, bleech it and then mother would spin it on the little wheel; when it was nearly ready for the loom. After it had gone through the loom and by the weaver was thus converted into cloth, mother would now make towels, garments and domestic goods out of it.

The first effort at church erection by the people of Richmond centered in a location on the Tiffin road one mile north and a half mile west of the center, on what was then Philemon Lightsland. The citizens turned out, hewed logs, and erected the body of a hewed log house up to the gable ends where the roof commences. There then the body stood for a few years and finally was abandoned altogether. The writer well remembers when Peter Nesbitt afterwards hauled those logs a mile north and erected his dwelling house out of them, on the northwest corner of the crossing.

Next the United Brethren commenced the erection of a frame building on the Upp farm, on Tiffin road. This building was finished and did good service for a long while, serving at least two generations. The building was finally sold to the German Baptist, and is now doing service as a barn for William Cox, at the center. In the erection of this building a circumstance occurred which I may relate here. A young man by the name of William Spencer was mounting a young horse for the purpose of riding

to the Lutts Tavern to get a broad ax that was there, which was needed for hewing the timber for the new church. The colt reared and fell and William was injured and died, with the reins in his hands, not knowing how badly he was hurt. This was an awful shock to the community.

Next the German Lutherans built a frame church two miles north and a mile and a half east of the center, under the auspices of their pastor, Rev. Smokerover. He was a man of fine physique, a number one violinist and an eloquent orator. I remember the long list of charter members present at the laying of the corner stone, nearly all of whom have passed to scenes beyond, and yet the church still stands as a monument of Christian enterprise and loyalty.

The Union Bethel, by the people, came next. It is located at the cemetery east of the Seneca county line, and is too modern to properly belong to these pages.

Of course the pioneer preacher is not to be outdone in the advance of civilization. He, too, is on hand in the persons of Rev. M. Long, United Brethern and Rev. S. Allen, Episcopal Methodist, the former preaching in my father's house before I was born. The latter (after whom I was named, though they got my name William Allen while his was Samuel Allen) holding the first revival meeting in the same log cabin or near by in a school house; tradition being a little uncertain here.

About fifty years ago Rev. Samuel Jacoby, a United Brethren minister, held a series of meetings in the old Richmond church, which revolutionized

the religious phase of society, there being over eighty-five conversions, largely heads of families; for that day it was so thorough as to claim nearly all the homes. There had been before and have been since great meetings held by the different churches in the township, but nothing so sweeping.

On April 6th, 1830, the church of the Latter Day Saints was organized in the town of Manchester, N. Y. This body, known as the Mormons, soon after emigrated in a wandering way and landed in Jackson* county, Mo. After four years of persecution here, they were compelled to remove. Smith who was at the head as well as the founder of this sect, now selected a spot in Illinois, which he called Nauvoo or the New Jerusalem. Here they prospered and increased to 15,000 inhabitants. But the prosperity rendered them quarrelsome. Joseph Smith was lodged in jail at a town called Carthage. A mob surrounded the jail on June 27, 1844, and Smith was shot. Brigham Young succeeded to the leadership and being in supreme authority, in 1847 he with four thousand of all ages and both sex, reached Salt Lake Valley in Utah, and we have that canker on our civilization now called Mormons. On their way to their promised land they camped by the Huron river near New Haven and baptized by immersion. They evidently passed through Richmond. A tradition, which I well recollect, had it that some of their wagons were loaded with boxes (suited the purpose) which they called coffins, but which contained guns and ammunition. At all events no small stir ensued at their efforts in proselyting and they had show of success,

32 *Roster of Richmond Soldiers and*

for their zeal knew no bounds. I dare not further digress here, but if it is desired, a future chapter may set before the reader some of their polygamous, danite, blood atonement and heathenish idolatrous practice.

"I've a good notion," said Plodding Pete, "to join dis forestry association."

"What fur?"

"I want de trees preserved in all deir venerable beauty. I want to see de monachs of de wilderness left undisturbed in deir peaceful majesty. It's time dis practice of handin' a man an ax an' tellin' him to chop wood was stopped."—Washington Star.

CHAPTER IV.

CLEARING FARMS—THRESHING—RAPPING SPIRITS—WATER AND GAS.

To get a fairer view of the pioneer day we must eliminate the sewing machine, threshing machine, mowing machine, reaper, organ, the graphophone, telephone, wireless telegraphy, air ship, submarine boat, iron clad boat, machine gun, liquid air, X-rays, trolley cars, kodak work, wire fences, stately mansions, cook stove, furnace, carpet, bath room and modern comforts, luxuries, outfit and a thousand other things of modern invention; but a healthy pioneer, equipped with a good ax, a maul or beetle and a few iron wedges, a gun and a good dog had an empire of his own and there was no reason why he should not succeed. He had timber, time and game to work upon.

The clearing of a farm was no child's play however. There was no transportation, therefore no market for timber. It had to be burned up no matter how good it was, it must be gotten out of the way. In clearing, some, to save labor, would simply girdle the large oak trees and let them stand, clearing away the rest. To girdle a tree, the bark was usually cleft through, the whole way around the body from three to four feet from the ground. A tree treated in this way seldom sends forth its leaves the next year. The branches begin to drop, and then the larger limbs, and these mighty monarchs of the forests now present a wierd appearance in the open

field. They give the country a sickening appearance until the woodman's ax and fire terminate their existence.

When the timber was felled and cut in proper length for logging, and the brush burned out of the way, then the logs were piled together and burned. The ashes could then be scraped together, marketed at about five cents per bushel, provided you took your pay in trade. The writer secured his first pair of suspenders in this way, when a boy six years old.

The choicest timber was split into rails for fencing, building, etc.

These clearings multiplied and the roads being improved, a more open country laid before the eye.

Raising buildings, logging bees, corn huskings, dancing, sap boiling, coon hunting, all had their part, as well as church services, in bringing the people together.

If a man had logging to do and saw fit so to do, he would invite as many of his neighbors as he chose, and a suitable number of teams, and on the time fixed, they assembled at the logging place; usually the teamsters would choose their followers and then the work of piling the logs in heaps for burning commenced. A very pleasant rivalry often ensued, seeing which group could pile up the most heaps. This, with the appetizing dinner prepared by the ladies, served as a stimulant to insure good work.

Many a loafer had his spirits ruffled, feeling slighted in not being invited to these bees, as he contemplated a dinner of fresh venison, turkey, plum pudding, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, sassafras or store tea, such a dinner as the woodman's wife and

the country maidens knew just how to get up. Usually after these bees, especially the corn husking bees, there by the young people, in which the older ones might indulge, plays, charades, card playing or such amusement as the morals of the management might allow. Of course card playing, dancing, whisky drinking and all immorality had their devotees then as now. But things were known by their right name then. A spade was a "Spade" and the weak church member then who overstepped the bounds of propriety speedily answered to the summons of his, or her, church council in tears of repentance, or was led down and out.

AFTER NAVEL'S HAND MILL.

The first grist mill to do service for this township was located principally upon and propelled by the waters of the Huron river. It used to require several days in going to mill and getting a grist. Bad roads or teams, slow grinding, waiting on other customers for your own turn to come, being some of the delaying causes. But after all the good old days of custom grinding are gone forever and we have cause to fear to the detriment, if not the great disadvantage of the public. The grain was first threshed in this township with the flail. This instrument I cannot stop to describe. Then treading or tramping it off became the process. Preparing a floor or clear place on the ground, the grain was placed upon it, the cattle, colts or horses taken on and made to move briskly around while attendants would keep constantly turning and stirring until the process was

complete. The straw then shaken out the grain would be fanned.

After the methods of threshing had become common, Billy Johnson and his son Mose became great benefactors by introducing a threshing machine, which was run by horse power. It consisted of a horse power and open cylinder. While it was almost equivalent to facing a first class battery in blazing battle, to face that cylinder and rake away the straw and receive the crazy kernels, knocked first in this eye and then in that one and a whole shower of them finding every bare spot in the most blinding, stifling dust and deafening roar, thus testing the anatomy of any who had the temerity to try it, still plenty of men liked the novelty of it and Billy Johnson's machine was a great success. The grain usually had to be piled or caved up and covered with straw to protect it from the rain, until cleaned by a fanning mill and disposed of. Then came Wise and Stillwell with a machine having a straw carrier and a fanning mill attached to it and from this on each year brought improvements until perfection is nearly attained.

The sickle was an implement for reaping grain or grass by hand in the writer's childhood day. He well remembers its use. The mowing scythe and grain cradle superseded it, which in after years and a more stumpless day, had to give place to the mowing machine and reaper, of horse power fame. Even these would be interesting to trace in their improvements.

The improved farms with stumpless fields, well drained low land, nice frame buildings, well equipped

machinery and highly bred stock, are no adequate type of the rustic rudeness of pioneer life, in the log cabin surrounded by howling wolves, invaded by friendly or hostile Indians, exposed to malarious cat-swamps, destined to exposure, hardship and inconvenience, with unbroken forest to tackle.

WATER.

There were some inconveniences in the early days scarcely thought of now. For instance, there were no deep wells to depend upon, in case of drought. One dry summer for weeks we actually hauled water from the (now Chicago Junction) springs to West Richmond and it was my boyish daily task with brother and sister to drive the cattle to water at the Honey Creek, on the farm now owned by Philander Riddle. By the time we could make these trips with our lolling herd through the smothering dust under the boiling sun and back to the farm on the Tiffin road they were as thirsty as when they started. Some wells began to be put down with success. Jacob Holtz now struck a well on his farm that could supply the whole township. A well was put down on the farm now owned by John Dellinger or which was owned at that time by Henry Weaver afterwards by John Gribben. This well was put down some sixteen feet, then a well augur was used and in search for the substratum of water the augur found a lively pocket of natural gas. On removing the augur the gas exhaust was sufficiently strong enough to throw small pebbles clear to the surface. This find of natural wealth enraged the workmen and drove them

away. In the nighttime J. F. Miller took his lantern and repaired to the well in the hope that water might now be flowing in. The lighted lantern coming in contact with the gas, an explosion ensued and our explorer barely escaped with his life, minus the beard on one side of his face, his hands and face badly burned and his temper seriously ruffled against a providence that would fill the earth with such a curse, (?) when he wanted water.

There now was a growing demand for charcoal, the village blacksmith using no other then. Hundreds of cords of wood would be piled up on end and covered with earth, then burned to coal. My father had a number of these pits burned and for years after when plowing we could tell in the soil where every one of the pits had been burned. Care had to be exercised in taking the coal to market as any latent fire was likely to be fanned into a flame, thereby endangering the conveyance. It required as much skill, care and time to burn a coal pit as it does to burn a brick kiln.

New Haven now became our metropolis. Heretofore all our foreign stores were brought from Milan or Sandusky. Now, though all our wheat from Seneca, Crawford and Wyandot counties is hauled to Milan for market, these same teamsters bring back loads of goods and even do their own trading in New Haven. I have seen seven dry goods, three provision stores, two taverns, one machine shop, two tanneries, two warehouses, one railroad, one grist mill, several shoe shops at one time in New Haven.

Richmond, like all other places, came in for its full share of politics. Now politics, when not per-

verted, is the science of government. In what I may say on politics, I leave the reader to judge how far it applies on government.

Richmond was greatly agitated over the slavery question long before the Civil War, some taking a radical stand defending the South in their rightful possessions and even ministers were found who proclaimed human slavery a divine institution and supported by the Bible. They had no use for the nigger or his friend. The South were great benefactors in caring for the useless, indolent, helpless "nigger."

Then there were the abolitionists, who would down slavery at any cost; this they did at a tremendous price. It may be interesting here to note that some of these Richmondites were station agents on the "Underground railroad" of those days. This was an institution organized to run refugee slaves through to Canada and to safety. The refugee slave law made it the duty of every citizen to assist any United States marshal, who with his bloodhound, on the trail of runaway slaves, asked assistance, running them down and catching them. This was so very obnoxious to the abolitionist. Then the penitentiary yawned at any one refusing the marshal, or assisting a slave to escape. This made it most hazardous in belonging to this railroad and it was difficult to manage the underground railroad.

Once in a while a colored man who could show that he was a free man would come into the township and plead for the oppressed of his race, describing the cruelty inflicted on the slaves in the far south. This would in turn awaken partisan animosity and no doubt, often those colored advocates of freedom

were kidnapped, taken south beyond their identity and sold into hopeless, life long bondage.

Of course, there were also local issues in township offices, improvement, enterprises, etc., to keep the political fire fanned, and a healthful rivalry in these was no great disadvantage.

RAPPING SPIRITS VISITED RICHMOND TOWNSHIP MANY YEARS AGO.

The rapping spirits got in their work in an early day in Richmond. Moses Cole was the leading medium. He was almost unbalanced by the delusion and came pretty near unbalancing several associates. Wherever a group of young people assembled the spirits had to be tampered with, and many foolishly believed, (as some blindly do now) that the spirits of their deceased friends could here be conferred with. The amusing part of it was that those spirits never knew more about things terrestrial nor celestial than any of the rest of us do.

Johnney Appleseed made his famous journeys and visitation through here. He was a very eccentric character whose real name was John Chapman. He had imbibed a remarkable passion for raising apple trees from the seed. He was accustomed to clear spots in loamy soil and along streams to plant his seed. When the early settlers began to arrive and clear the ground Johnney was ready for them with his trees, which he either gave them or sold for some trifle. His personal appearance was as queer as his character. On one cool autumnal night while lying by his camp fire in the woods he observed that the

mosquitoes flew in the blaze and were burned. Johnney who wore on his head a tin utensil which answered, both as a cap and a mush pot, filled it with water and extinguished the fire and exclaimed, "God forbid I should build a fire for my comfort that should destroy any of His creatures."

There was another quaint character, though a terror to children, a very harmless creature called "Crazy Ferris," who made regular trips through this sparsely settled township.

The building of the Mad River and the Sandusky and Mansfield, afterward the Newark railroads, gave new energy to the hardy pioneers. Some remuneration might be expected now for working up the timber but its superabundance held it of no value. Railroads as then constructed with the old "strap iron" instead of "T" rails as now, required more wood than ties and the engines all burned wood instead of coal. Then there began to be a demand for staves, which were shipped to the lake and even on to England. This in turn increased taxes.

Some respectable bridges began to appear. School houses were improved. The roads were very materially repaired by drainage, culverts, bridges, etc.

THE CLOCK.

BY REV. W. A. KEESY.

Ticking away day after day,
Speeding the numberless seconds away;
Your hands on your face to measure the space,
As the minutes go by in a matchless race.

The thing that you do most all people like,
As they hear and then count the hours that you strike.

No feet to walk, no mouth to speak;
Daily and nightly you measure the week.
No tongue to relate the things that you know;
And you always go running as on you go,
Timing all the business on land and sea,
Ever following the sun where'er it may be.

Your work in time you will fulfill,
For you're not endued with a sovereign will;
Your power is limited only to wheels,
And to people on earth you make your appeals.
But all confess that you're very clever,
Although you cannot live and run on forever.

Tiffin, Ohio.

CHAPTER V.

PRIMITIVE SCHOOLS—TEACHERS—MINISTERS—DOCTORS—LAWYERS.

The fall of 1860 saw the country wrapt in the maze of an exciting presidential campaign, which foreboded war however the election might go. Poll raising, mass meetings, wire pulling electioneering and domineering kept the political kettle boiling until Abraham Lincoln was elected and then the dickens was to pay. When on the fifteenth day of April, 1861, President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to put down the rebellion, Richmond showed her metal. James Nesbitt claims the honor of being the first three-months' man to enlist. Then in May, the president called for 300,000 three-years' men to save the Union, God bless them! Again Richmond sent out her noble sons, as good a lot as ever marched to the beat of drum. In my book written upon the war I sought to give the names of all the Richmond soldiers, but having nothing more than memory to refer to, I have been greatly humiliated in the omission of two at least, possibly more, of as brave, good, loyal and patriotic soldiers as ever donned the American uniform. I speak of John and Samuel Miller.

The roster here will correct any omission, I trust.

The Indians and wild beasts had it about their own way with the early settlers. The road known

as the Tiffin road, was the only road in the township then in 1832 opened. It had been cut out by the state to accommodate the public, as quite an emigration was already setting in for western Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. This road therefore was opened through the township east and west, one mile north of the center of the township. Through or around the cat swamps, so numerous then, it was laid with native logs lain side by side across the road making a very rough road but far easier—though harder—road to travel than the bottomless mud. These log constructions were called, “corderoy or corduroy roads.” They were very popular in their day.

The principal articles of commerce in those days were the furs of the wild game which abounded with no legal restriction, and wood ashes could be marketed at about five cents per bushel, provided you took your pay in trade, such as combs, suspenders, tobacco, trinkets, etc. The great question being, how to get the timber out of the way, there being so much of it and no market for it, it had to be burned up. The ashes were leached and produced a pot-ash which found a ready market if it could only be delivered. Remember it tested any kind of team and vehicle to travel those corduroy roads.

The erection of log cabins, clearing away the timber, opening new roads, hunting wild game, manufacturing clothing and implement of husbandry, rude furniture, building homes, opening up the slumbering forests gave constant toil and taxing care to all. Trees to fell, logs to saw, rails to split, brush to

burn, chunks to pile, fence to build, sugar camps to prepare, ditches to dig, plowing, planting and hoeing, wool carding, flax pulling, spinning, weaving and making all done by hand. The hum of the spinning wheel then far sweeter than that of the organ now. Don't ask me if I want to go back to pioneer day? The first justice of the peace was Reuben Franklin, then Jerry Williams.

The primitive school was a very important factor in township building. Spelling, reading and writing was the most in literary attainment required of the teacher. He was not only expected to be an adept wielding the ferule when needed and of applying the rod skillfully as occasion might require, but he must also be equipped with a suitable pen-knife and be able to transform the goose quill, furnished by each scholar possessing a copy-book, into a good quill pen. The night spelling, geography and singing schools were occasions of great profit in those times, in more ways than one.

I do wish that I could give a correct list of Richmond's early teachers. I will name a few whom I have personally known.

William Jump and Joseph H. Beelman were among the first and I have gone to school with the latter as my first school teacher. Mr. Beelman was a remarkable singer, had a marvelously charming voice, and he was in demand as a singing school teacher.

Wesley J. Andrews was a successful school teacher for over thirty years. I received the benefit of his training, as my teacher, from six to sixteen years of age. He was a singing school teacher and he held very many spelling, arithmetic, geography

and writing schools at night, for the benefit of the public, for which he charged nothing. He was active and foremost in every public movement for the welfare of the community and with him remuneration was the second consideration. His remains repose in the Attica cemetery and his funeral was conducted by the writer who, whenever visiting his grave, bares his head in honor of a man whose moral and intellectual worth never was appreciated.

E. V. Buckingham, Louisa Johnson, Nathan Buckingham, Geo. Mead, John Moore, Margaret Johnson, Winfield Beelman, Milton Andrews, Amos F. Upp, W. A. Keesy, Henry Resh, Jacob Resh, Libbie Hoffman, Libbie Seavolt, Alice Seavolt, Jennie Fast, W. N. Keesy, Maggie J. Lane, Wm. McManigall, Elmer Fast, Bun and Cloe Buzzard, Earl Riddle, Addie Polinger, Miller, Hershiser, Williams, Miss Fackler, Buierle, Keesy, Sykes.

Richmond has turned out the following roll of ministers of the gospel:

Rev. Sanford Sage	United Brethren.
Rev. William Allen Keesy	United Brethren.
Rev. Jennie Crabbs	United Brethren.
Rev. Wm. H. Evans	United Brethren.
Rev. Samuel Fackler	United Brethren
Rev. Lovina Oleman, nee Shineberger	Church of God.
Rev. I. N. Richards	Evangelical.
Rev. Christian Waltz	Evangelical.
Rev. Jerry Williams	Free Methodist
Rev. Amos Upp	Episcopal Methodist.
Rev. Adam Beelman	German Baptist.

Rev. John Miller Minonite.
Rev. *David Rittenhouse (Dunkard) German Baptist.
Rev. *Jacob Fackler German Baptist.
Rev. *John B. Fink German Baptist.

The writer was present at this election or drawing and afterward heard Mr. Fackler deliver his maiden sermon, in his own house, on Crab Run, at its crossing Tiffin road, where a goodly audience had assembled for the occasion. He gave a clear, logical, impressive address, in the scriptural manner, by occupying a sitting posture.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT RIDER CAME.

In the backwoods of Ohio, in the days of long ago,
When religion was religion, not a dressy fashion
show,
When the spirit of the Master fell as flames of living
fire
And the people did the singing, not a trained, artistic
choir,
There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gentle flow-
ing tide,
No events to draw the people from their daily toil
aside,
Naught to set the pious spirit of the ploneers aflame,
Save upon the rare occasions when the circuit rider
came.

*The three star-named were chosen by lot after the manner of their church council.

He was usually mounted on the sorriest of nags,
All his outfit for the journey packed in leather saddle-
bags,

And he'd travel with the Bible or the hymn book in
his hand,

Reading sacred word or singing of the happy prom-
ised land,

How the toiling wives would glory in the dinners
they would spread,

And how many a hapless chicken or a turkey lost its
head

By the gleaming chopper wielded by the hand of
sturdy dame,

For it wasn't very often that the circuit rider came.

All the settlement around us would be ringing with
the news

That there'd be a meeting Sunday, and we'd "taller"
up our shoes,

And we'd brush our homespun dress suits, pride of
every country youth,

And we'd grease our hair with marrow till it shone
like golden truth,

And the frocks of linsey-woolsey would be donned by
all the girls,

And with heated old fire poker they would make
their cork-screw curls;

They were scarcely queens of fashion, but were love-
ly, just the same,

And they always looked their sweetest when the cir-
cuit rider came.

We have sat in grand cathedrals, triumphs of the
builder's skill,

And in great palatial churches, 'neath the organ's
mellow thrill,
But they never roused within us such a reverential
flame
As would burn in the old school-house when the
circuit rider came. —Selected.

DOCTORS.

The township enrolls the following physicians
and surgeons:

Dr. Charles Richards, M. D., Dr. Wm. H. Sykes,
M. D., Dr. E. V. Buckingham, M. D., Dr. Hulbert Wil-
liams, M. D., Dr. David Jump, M. D., Dr. H. M. Buck-
ingham, M. D., Dr. Wm. Buckingham, M. D., Dr.
Thomas Foster, M. D., Dr. Otis Sykes, D. D. S., Dr.
Corwin Miller, D. D. S.

ATTORNEYS.

The following attorneys at law:

Attorneys Frank Williams, G. W. Beelman, M. O.
Rettig, Frank Richards.

IT'S NOW.

REV. W. A. KEESY.

The past and future are always met—
A divine arrangement, somehow;
Their time of meeting will never let
One into the other. It's Now.

This Now will be with us forever;
To it past and future, somehow,

As wisely arranged by the giver,
Must deliver their goods. It's Now.

And "Now," speeding onward forever
Little sphere, in which I, somehow,
Grasp it now—this instant—or never.
Nor can I escape it. It's Now.

"Now" oh, the expanse that's before me!
Through sweep of the ages, somehow,
A creature like me may explore thee;
And now, I am at it. It's Now.

Should any one doubt the forever,
Let him remember that, somehow,
It will always be "now," or never, as
Onward and onward we go. It's now.

And now "Atom Spot"—in creation,
While on thee I stand—somehow,
I'm surveying worlds that are wonders,
While onward and onward I go. It's Now.

CHAPTER VI.

SELECTIONS.

UNFRIENDLY TO MODERN SCIENCE.

Many persons who are considered "well-informed," as the saying goes, have moods in which they wish they had never heard of microbes and disease germs, but the following account of a "squatter's" state of mind upon this point must at least be greatly overdrawn. We find it in the *St. Louis Post-Despatch*, and reprint it for its humor rather than for its scientific or historic value.

It was a squatter's cabin on the border of a swamp, and the squatter himself sat smoking his pipe as the colonel rode up and asked for a drink of water. One of the half-dozen children ran to the swamp with a gourd and filled it, but the colonel turned away, and said:

"I can't drink that stuff; it's full of young tadpoles."

"Yes, they do seem to be pretty thick," replied the squatter, as he blew a cloud of smoke above his head.

"I should think you'd be afraid to swallow these things," said the colonel.

"Don't see nothin' to be afraid of, sah. Reckon it's wuss on the tadpoles than on us. Been drinkin' it right along for twenty years, and nobody's been hurt yit."

"There must be lots of malaria around here."

"Mebbe they are, sah, but I haven't see one as I knows of. Do they walk or fly?"

"Malaria is what breeds chills and fever," explained the colonel.

"Oh, that's it? Must be round here, then, though we ain't worrin' any."

"But you shouldn't live in this miasma."

"Dunno what your miasma is, but if she tackles this family, she'll git the worst of it. We ain't takin' a bluff from anything."

"My friend," continued the colonel, as he looked around, "did you ever hear of bacteria?"

"Never, sah. Does he walk or fly?"

"And did you ever hear of a microbe?"

"Never did. Is he on the fight?"

"How on earth can you live here, contiguous to this pestilential morass, with the air weighted down with malaria, is more than I can understand."

The squatter looked up to the man on horseback for a long minute, as if puzzling over the words, and then quèried:

"What's 'contiguous' mean?"

"It means alongside of."

"And what's 'pestilential?' "

"Sickness and death."

"And what's morass,"

"A swamp."

"Look here, stranger," continued the squatter, as he rose, knocked the fire out of his pipe, and looked very serious. "I've lived here all my life, and I've seen a thousand people go along this road, but you

are the first critter who has gone at it to upset me, and make me feel discontented and unhappy."

"I was simply speaking of the situation," explained the colonel.

"And so am I, sah, and the situation are jest this: You've come along and made up faces at my tadpoles, you've throwed malaria and miasma at me, you've talked of pestilence and morass and microbes, and you've jest got me so riled up that I'm bound to say that if you don't want to ask fur a chaw of ter-backer or a drink of whiskey, or wasn't intendin' to stop and talk politics, you'd better be a-gittin', and keep a-gittin' till you git beyond the next turn in the road. You may pass all right in some parts, but I'm dawgoned if you ain't twice too particular fur sich common folks as we are around yere."

ALMOST UP.

"Where were you struck?" the captain cried
To him who charged on Lookout's side,
Who charged in all his martial pride,
Up! over rocky ridge and rut,
Up! where the paths of life were shut,
Up! where the death-winged bullets sped,
Up! over dying men and dead;
Nothing could stay his onward tread
Until—that hurtling scrap of lead.

"Where were you struck?" the captain cried,
Between the waves of battle's tide,
Then, half in anguish, half in pride,
Though drinking of the bitter cup,
The soldier answered, "Almost up!"

"No, no; your wound—where hit, I mean?"
But, even in that final scene,
True to his last heroic will,
"'Most up! 'most up!" he murmured still.

Not where his shattered body bled,
Not where his veins poured out their red,
But where his last hard duty led,
Was all the dying soldier's thought.
And may we learn the lesson taught!—
No matter where our lives are cast,
In sunny peace or battle's blast,
May it be said, when we have passed,
"He struggled upwards to the last!"

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

CAN RITE ALL RITE.

A United States army recruiting officer in a little Missouri town recently received the following letter: "Deer war boss: I reed in the cansas citi times that yu want me. I can reed, rite and use the inglich lengwedge all rite. i weigh abaud 165 pownds end I am neerly to yards long, my karakter is all rite to. i was never in gale, exept once in the calla-boose, but i never stole nothin. i reckon i cen kill 20 indians in one day, or spanyards too if i hafto. if yu send me som mony so I can come i jine sure, im strong as a bull and teres nothin de mater with me only a blak i, but i can see all rite. yurs for business."

The war department has prepared a statement of casualties in the army during the war with Spaln,

and since the cessation of hostilities. Between May 1 and September 30, inclusive, there were 280 officers and men killed in battle; 65 died of wounds, and 2,565 died of disease. The mortality was 2,910 out of a total force of 274,717, or a little more than one per cent. The navy department reports that 17 sailors killed and 67 wounded constitute the total loss in the navy.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

BY GEORGE F. BOOT.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once
again,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the
plain,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

The Union forever! Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!

Down with the traitor, up with the star!

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
before,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free-
men more,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true and
brave,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

56 *Roster of Richmond Soldiers and*

And although they may be poor not a man shall
 be a slave,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

So we're springing to the call from the east and
 from the west,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we
 love the best,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to
 the fight,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and
 the right,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless
 heart and true,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men
 to do,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the
 last,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go
 rushing past,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the
 fight,
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

And the victory shall be ours, for we're rising in our
might,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

Otis Sykes has the honorable distinction of being the youngest soldier from the township, having enlisted at 15. (See roster.)

Samuel Post, Wm. Fox, Jacob Holtz were among the oldest to go to war. (See roster.)

Wesley J. Andrews, hospital steward, and Wm. H. and Andrew J. Sykes were the highest in rank. (See roster.)

However, I guess Richmond can scarcely claim Wm. H. Sykes as he was studying medicine at Fairfield when he enlisted. The same is said of Henry Resh. He was studying medicine in Attica, but still had his home with his parents in Richmond.

On Johnson's Island in October, 1864, I fell in and got acquainted with Uncle John Feasel of Co. H, 64th regiment, O. V. I. We journeyed together to Chattanooga, marched with the army to Alpine, Ga., returned to Chattanooga, Tenn., and while Sherman was marching through Georgia to the sea, we were after Hood (or he was after us), and Uncle John and I were in the battles of Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, November 30th, and Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864. In this last 120 cannons barked for two days. Uncle John recently celebrated his eighty-seventh anniversary and long may he live with the comrades to share their anniversaries. He now lives with his wife, Martha Jane, beloved by all, in Bettsville, Ohio.

The foregoing will recall many a comrade's experience in those thrilling times. How appropriate

then are the following lines. Read and reflect. The poet expresses tersely, a reality then, but more like a dream, we take it as a theory now. Richmond's soldiers were in nearly all the 2,258 battles of the war.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

Just before the battle, mother,
 I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field we're watching,
 With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
 Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For they know that on the morrow
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus:

Farewell mother; you may never
 Press me to your heart again!
But you'll not forget me, mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home!
But I'll never leave our banner,
 Until in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
 That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers
 By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding!
 'Tis the signal for the fight!

Now may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right!
Hear the Battle Cry of Freedom!
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

BY WALTER KITTREDGE.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so well!

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lo'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good bye!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are the dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground;
Many are lying near;

Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace,
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.

OUR STANDING ARMY.

We have no standing army?
Nay, look around, and see!
The man who plows the furrow,
The man who fells the tree,
The statesman and the scholar,
At the first word of fear
Turn to their country, breathing,
"My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people
Is this our army made;
Where schoolhouse and where steeple
Have cast their friendly shade,
Our army grows in knowledge,
As it to manhood grows,
And, trained in school and college,
Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners
Serve minds alert and keen;
The sailor's thought has travelled
To lands he has not seen.

Not for the joy of killing,
Not for the lust of strife,
Have these come forth with gladness,
To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army—
Not, as in other lands,
An army standing idle,
With empty minds and hands,
But each one in his station;
And peaceful victory
Is training for the nation
Heroes of land and sea.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another
song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful
sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary
found!

How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

GEN. BUTLER'S TYRANNY.

A southern planter went to New Orleans several months after Gen. Butler had taken the reins in his hands and acquired a reputation for "tyranny." One of the first things he saw was the placards of a gentleman's furnishing store posted on the walls and fences: "Get your shirts at Moody's." The planter saw it again and again, and mused deeply upon it. "It's another of Butler's orders," he said to himself. "He's probably a partner in the concern, and what he says 'goes;' so I suppose it's best to submit. I don't

need any shirts, and it's a shame to be compelled to buy 'em now; but I don't want any more trouble." He accordingly went to Moody's and bought half a dozen shirts on compulsion.—Every Where.

THE BLOODIEST BATTLE.

A confederate monument at Franklin, Tenn., will be unveiled November 30 next, the anniversary of the battle. The fight was comparatively the bloodiest in which the confederate veterans were ever engaged, the killed alone numbering 1,600, among whom were several generals, including Cleburne.

COMRADES.

Yes, it kind o' makes me laugh—
This new "war time" photograph,
Perched up here 'longside the one
Of ME, when the war begun.
Mine was tuk in—here's the date—
Eighteen sixty. Ninety-eight
His was tuk in. That's him. See?
An', by hookey! this is me!

Don't look much like I'm his dad.
Wasn't THEN. But I am glad
That he cum an' growed to fight
For his country an' the right.
Never thought my son 'ud sit
Business-bent in soldierin' kit
On the mantelpiece where I've
Sot alone since Sixty-five.

Same big "U. S." Reckon his
Rifle is a Springfield. 'Tis
Different-lookin' from the gun
Giv' to us in Sixty-one—
A Krag—what you say? Of course!
Kicks, I bet you, like a horse!
You say not? Well, guess I'll take
An old Springfield for MY make.

Won't we swap the yarns, by gum!
When his furlough brings him hum!
Sure, his life's bin largely camp,
An' he hasn't had to tramp
Through the Wilderness, like me,
Or another Vicksburg, see.
But dog-gone! he 'listed, too,
And we're comrades in the blue!

—Edwin L. Sabin in Puck.

THE SURVIVORS.

Defiance, O., April 30.—Spl.—Tuesday is a gala day in Defiance. The stars and stripes are floating from every masthead and public building in the city, in honor of a few of the survivors of one of the most horrible maritime disasters of the century.

This is the tenth annual reunion of the survivors of the Sultana disaster, and about twenty-five of the boys in blue who were on the ill-fated boat on the morning of the twenty-seventh of April, 1865, are gathered in this city to conduct the regular work of the National Sultana Survivors' association.

On the twenty-sixth of April, 1865, the steamer Sultana steamed out of Memphis, on her way up the

Mississippi bearing her human freight of more than 2,000 souls, who for days and months had been cooped up in the prisons of the South.

They were paroled prisoners from Castle Thunder, Andersonville and other similar places.

About nine miles above Memphis a defective boiler burst, blowing away a goodly portion of the upper deck. The shattered hull then took fire and forced the unfortunate passengers over the side into the seething mass of drowning comrades below. None knew how many were lost, but at best there were but a few hundred saved.

It is probable that the next reunion will be held at Memphis, Tenn. Rev. Henderson and Col. Rada-baugh are the speakers of the day.

THE SPANISH WAR.

Why is the conflict through which we have just passed known as the Spanish-American War instead of the American-Spanish? Is there anything more than euphony in the order of these names? A current writer asserts that there is a meaning, and that in the names of nearly all wars the defeated nation comes first, as the Franco-Prussian, the Austro-Italian, and more recently the China-Japanese and the Græco-Turkish wars. Oftentimes wars are named from the point of view of the people who do the writing of their history, as the Trojan War, the Punic War, the Indian War (British) and our own Mexican War. Fortunate will be the man who writes the name of the world's last war.

THE WAR IN A NUTSHELL.

Jan. 23—The Maine ordered to Havana.

Feb. 15—The Maine destroyed.

April 21—War declared.

May 1—Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet.

May 19—Cervera entered Santiago harbor.

June 3—Hobson sank the Merrimac.

June 23—Shafter landed at Santiago.

July 1-2—General assault on Santiago begun.

July 3—Schley and Sampson destroyed Cervera's fleet.

July 7—Hawaii annexed.

July 14—Santiago surrendered.

July 24—Spaniards in Porto Rico began to surrender.

July 26—Spain sued for peace.

August 12—Spain accepted our terms and an armistice was proclaimed.

August 12—Formal transfer of Hawaii to the United States.

August 13—Dewey bombarded Manila which surrendered to him and General Merritt.

August 20—Our victors and victories celebrated in a grand "triumph" in New York harbor.

LO, AGUINALDO!

With respects to you, Aguinaldo,
I'd recall to you the hidalgo!
He was haughty, proud, defiant;
Now he's humble, prostrate, pliant.
As we went for him, Aguinaldo,

So after you we surely shall go
If you persist in your attempt
Violently to exempt
Any part of the Philippines
From authority which means
To them and you
A better life and a broader view.
The liberty for which you strive
Is much more likely to arrive
By peaceful means
Than through the bloody scenes
Of battlefields.
As to the justice of your cause,
Let this contention give you pause:
The struggling patriot who yields
Obedience to that higher law
That's written with the eagle's claw
Achieves at once, with deftest stroke,
Eternal freedom from the despot's yoke.
If, after reading these few lines,
Your disposition still inclines
To deeds of turbulence and strife,
Then you may safely bet your life
The hand that raised our flag above Manila
Will leave of you and yours not one scintilla!

—W. H. F. in *New York Sun*.

SOLDIERS' DEATH LIST OF 5,731.

Washington, March 11.—The following statement has been issued, showing the total number of deaths reported to the adjutant general's office between May 1, 1898, and February 28, 1899: Killed

in action 329; died of wounds 125; died of disease 5,277; total 5,731.

POESIES OF THE POETS.

BE NOT VAIN BECAUSE OF SPAIN.

We were tempted to be bumptious when the sink-
ing of the Maine
Was followed by the drubbing we administered to
Spain,
But 'twill pay us to remember it was arrogance
and pride
Which led Spain to the sins for which her soldiers
bled and died.
It may be that republics, like old monarchies effete,
May get the big-head badly, toppling off their props
and feet.

We love our flag of freedom, with its brilliant prom-
ise-stars,
The many grand achievements frescoed in its battle
scars,
The grand domain it represents, its men who fear
no foe,
But ride the car of progress with resistless vim
and go;
And yet 'tis well to fit the car with airbrakes and
the like,
Control is of importance from a warship to a bike.

So let us mix humility with all our loud hurrahs,
Content with common sense to love our country and
its cause,
To look for inspiration and true wisdom to the skies.

Remembering that God is great and in Him vic'try
lies;

So while we crow a little for the victory o'er Spain,
Mix love with all your loyalty—all braggart brays
are vain—

Bombastic pride is but the sugar coating over pain.

The greatest are the humblest high in Heaven and
here on earth,

Self-praise is but a bubble and a text for honest
mirth;

We want to feel responsible for greatness and its use,
With penalties awaiting its perversion or abuse.

So do not stop to cackle or to waste the precious
time,

March on in modest might toward our destiny sub-
lime,

For gratitude is virtue, but mere boastfulness a
crime.

I. EDGAR JONES.

A SABLE SOLOMON.

There is wit under woolly pates, and the drol-
lery of its expression makes the instance we cite
all the more readable:

Once a man go travellin' an' he get hungry, so
he stop at a tavern an' order something to eat, so
dey bring him six poached eggs. He eat dem, but
he did not hab any money, so he say he would come
back an' pay. In six years—or maybe it was more
—he come back an' pay sixpence for de eggs; but
den de tavern-keeper say dat if he had not eaten de
six poached eggs dey might hab been chickens, an'

den de chickens would hab grown up an' hatched more chickens, an' dey more—an' more—an' tell the man he must pay six pounds instead of six-pence. An' the man say he would not. So dey go to de judge. An' while dey was conversin' a boy come in wid a bundle under his arm. An' de judge say, "What you got in de bundle?" an' de boy say, "Parch' peas, sa!" "What you goin' do wid dem?" "Plant dem, sa!" "Hi!" say de judge, "you can't plant parch' peas; dey won't grow!" "Well, sa, an' poached eggs won't hatch!" So dey dismiss de man, an' he neber pay a penny. Dis story show dat you must neber count you' chickens befo' dey hatch.

COST OF THE WAR.

The war with Spain is estimated to have cost the United States about \$150,000,000, or a little more than \$1,300,000 for each of the 114 days during which it lasted. The actual disbursements for war purposes from March, when the anticipatory expenditures were made, to August 13th amounted to \$98,000,000. The remainder of the estimate covers expenses on war account after the signing of the peace protocol. The cost in human life, so far as the American forces are concerned, was much less than was anticipated. The navy had one officer and eighteen men killed, and three officers and forty men wounded. In the army twenty-three officers and 236 men were killed, and eighty-seven officers and 1,406 men wounded. The mortality from disease cannot be accurately estimated.

PENSION DAY.

BY REV. W. A. KEESY.

I am anxious a few more words to say,
They're about our soldiers' pension day.
They tell me now there's some contention
On giving them a service pension.

We were peaceful and a slumbering nation,
When war's alarms aroused creation;
We had no show for our defenses;
No money then to pay expenses.

Our little navy, then of wooden tubs,
Army scattered then, by Indian clubs,
Congress was domineered by rebels,
The north and south in strife like devils.

The conundrum of the mad condition,
A puzzle to immortal Lincoln,
Who called for soldiers of 'Sixty-One;
The great civil war had then begun.

Then Abraham Lincoln spoke the brave word,
In such a way that all the world heard:
"Boys, we will march south under the flag
And make those Johnnies haul down their rag."

But then, they were almost as big as we;
They fought like demons on land and sea,
Their forts and guns and their ships as well,
Were belching forth the missiles of hell!

The carnage is on; it's a woeful strife,
A struggle to save the nation's life;

Oh! was it needless? then tell me why
Three hundred thousand men had to die?

Here from the gory field, returned to tent;
But where are the boys who with us went?
These aches and pains we will not mention,
For Uncle Sam gives us a pension.

CHAPTER VII.

COON HUNTING—A CURIOUS FIND—INDIANS —OFFICERS—SUGAR CAMP—LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

A real good dog, like the old black one we used to have, called "Watch," and I like to honor his name with a place here, as he was so useful, would be in the woods by dusk and as soon as he struck a coon's track or located a coon in a tree, he would make the woods ring with his urgent bark, until some one would come to his help, with ax or gun, when if the game treed, could be, it was shot. If it could not be seen and the tree upon which old "Watch" had located it was not too large, it was felled by the woodman's ax, in which case, "Old Watch" usually took care of himself and he also took care of the game amidst the crash of falling timbers. But if the tree was too large, or it was desired to let it stand, a fire was kindled on two or more sides nearby and kept alive until morning when the game was usually secured. A dog was awfully disappointed if there was no response with help when by his trumpet blast, or piercing bark, he gave notice that he had found the game. The practiced hunter could tell by the bark of his dog whether he had the game treed, or was yet on the trail.

Sometimes a party of two, three or five would lay out in the woods all night with dogs, guns, axes, torches and such other equipment as the occasion

might require usually securing coon, opossum, woodchuck, skunk or other game.

In about 1853, Asa Sparks and Henry Weaver took the contract for building a new schoolhouse in the Keesy district, the old one having served its purpose for school and church, concert and public services. The new schoolhouse was fairly under way when on Saturday after a week's work had brought another quitting hour, the tools were stacked, and the workmen departed for their homes; Mr. Sparks remarking that he was not feeling well. By Monday it was found that he was a victim of typhoid fever. It was the common thought in those days that typhoid fever must run its course and that nothing but death could change or stop it; that it must have a course of from six to nine weeks.

Well Mr. Sparks (and several of his family) died. He never got back to the schoolhouse. Mr. Weaver went on and finished the schoolhouse, which gave good service under such teachers as Elizabeth Huffman, Jacob Resh, Elizabeth Seavolt, W. A. Keesy, Wm. McManigall and scores of others.

Sometime after the war I was working for D. Y. Fink and Levi Mohler at the carpenter trade. We were building Mr. Joseph Channing's barn, when one day Mr. Mohler was absent, as the school directors of the Keesy district wanted him to do some repairing on their schoolhouse. On his return, the day after, we found him very greatly elated over "a rich find," as he chose to call it.

As he was removing some broken siding, to be replaced by new ones, he found beneath or between the siding and the ceiling a whole set of carpenter's planes, in a good state of preservation. These evi-

dently had lain their since the sick hand of Asa Sparks had placed them there for their Sunday rest. Now as there were none of the Sparks or Weavers to lay claim to them, they of course were Mohler's find.

In 1843 the Indians were removed by the government, from Upper Sandusky, Wyandotte county, Ohio, to their reservation in the West. This greatly relieved the dread of them which the early settlers necessarily entertained. Were it in place here, some very atrocious incidents might be recorded, on either side, but we dare not divert these pages to such use. The question, "Which has the greater cause for complaint against the whites, the Negro or the Indian?" has been so long discussed that we are glad to get away from it. Like the question, "Which is the mother of the chick, the hen that laid the egg, or the one that hatched it." But since the incubator, it is the blood that tells the story.

IN 1863 AND 1864.

The legislature passed an act, organizing the militia of the state.

The 4th regiment was formed in Huron county.

Company "I" was composed of Richmond township men. The following officers were elected at an election held for the purpose, and duly commissioned by Governor David Todd.

The election was held on July 4, 1863. The commissions signed by the governor on July 14, 1863.

OFFICERS.

Alexander Clark, captain; Samuel Fackler, first lieutenant; William Allen Keesy, second lieutenant.

P. M. Hershiser was appointed first (or orderly) sergeant.

All the officers of the congressional district were ordered to Toledo, Ohio, for a camp drill of one week under General Hill. After this officer's drill of one week, at Toledo.

One day's company drill, on the southeast corner one mile north of the center of Richmond, dinner furnished by the ladies and citizens, and,

One day's battallion drill in New Haven, where Jas. Dawson now lives, wound up the existence of this militia movement. Although it might be added that about this time the famous Rebel General John Morgan, made a raid into Ohio, and we had orders to be ready to take the field at a moment's warning. But Morgan was captured and thus ended Co. I, 4th Regt. O. M.

I have previously stated that Richmond had no commissioned officers among its soldiers. Let it be remembered that the statement, and the roster, have reference to men alone who entered the United States service under that organization. Further, I do not only state troops, never entered the United States service under that organization. Further, I do not know of ever receiving any pay from the state of Ohio for that militia service; more than that the state bore the camp expenses while at Toledo on drill.

A SUGAR CAMP.

One of the most enjoyable employments, especially for the young people, was sugar making; which occurred in the opening spring, after a long close winter. Usually the spare time in winter was improved in preparing for this. Wood was cut, kettles secured, camp prepared, spiles were made, troughs were dug and storage prepared. I have seen great poplar trees felled and thirty or even forty feet dug out for a store trough. When the sap came faster than could be boiled away in the kettles, the great store trough was sometimes filled and even the empty barrels were brought into use. Then the fires had to be kept going day and night.

When the boiling process had secured a good, rich syrup it was taken off, strained, cleansed and then boiled to a finish. This was called, "stirring off," and required skill to insure success. At this point, I think of all the viands of earth, nothing excels the nectar sweets, or ambrosial taints, of the hot taffy to be had just as the process is completed.

In stirring till cool, you have crumb sugar. If poured into vessels while hot, you have sugar cakes, unless you desire only molasses, in which case the boiling must be discontinued sooner.

When the boiling pan took the place of the iron kettle the process was wonderfully shortened. My father and Jacob Upp had a camp on the Lightland, between the Tiffin road and Wm. Riddles, where they opened one thousand trees one spring. The sap was all boiled in kettles; the pan had not yet come into use.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In October, 1864, while the great civil war was thundering around Richmond, Va. and Atlanta, Ga. and echoing all over the country the terrible struggle, I, with two hundred other conscripts, was waiting on Johnson's Island to be sent to the front for active service in the field.

There were at that time 15,000 rebel prisoners of war, and a sufficient number of Union troops to guard them, on the island. The prisoners were held in comfortable barracks and the troops were mostly quartered in army tents. There were also cottages and storage buildings for officers and supplies. Artillery and infantry were in evidence. The Michigan, a prominent government gun-boat then, a man of war, which has since been changed and is now called the "Woolvarine," and who, then as now, was patrolling the upper lakes, was lying in the bay near the city of Sandusky, just three miles from the island.

One beautiful moonlight night our slumbers were abruptly broken off by the angry sounding of the Long Roll. The men sprang to arms; the lines were formed; the guns were manned; and the Michigan came steaming across the bay in battle array. Everything, as quickly as possible assumed the aspect of battle. Of course, we private soldiers knew at the time but little of the cause of this great commotion, but the reader may judge of its importance when I state that this affair had a close relation to the assassination of the immortal Lincoln. It was thought at the time, that the South

had instigated the assassination, but the South generally deplored the atrocious crime as well as we, fearing that it would cause a renewal of hostilities. The facts are these, viz.:

A conspiracy had been concocted in the West House in Sandusky city, to turn the 15,000 rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island free. The plan was, to go out on the lake, capture a steamer, run her over to Canada, equip her with men and arms, run back to the island, surprise the garrison and accomplish their object.

The conspirators actually captured the boat. It was the "Philo Parsons," but their plan failed. When they had captured the boat they put the crew in irons, bound the rest and were sanguine of success. The engineer, however, had not yet been taken in hand. He caught onto the conspiracy and hastily took a sledge and knocked off a piece of the engine which disabled her, and threw it into the lake. The boat was not run to Canada, but went adrift. The conspirators were captured; court-martialed; convicted and sentenced to be shot.

Now one of those conspirators was a cousin of J. Wilkes Booth. When Booth heard of the predicament of his cousin, he swore that his cousin should not be shot. Booth went to Washington, got one of the United States Senators to take him to President Lincoln. They awoke the President in the morning at three o'clock. Booth began to plead for the life of his cousin. At first the President was very stern and said, "If I pardon high treason my armies will be disintegrated. I can't do it." But Booth got down upon his knees, between Lincoln's

feet, and plead as only Booth could plead, until he had both Senator and President in tears. At last the President said, "Stand up on your feet like a man, Mr. Booth, your cousin will be pardoned."

The Senator and Booth walked out. In the morning when business hours opened President Lincoln walked over to Secretary Seward's office and said to Secretary Seward, "I wish that you would write out this man's pardon."

"I want to know what you are going to pardon that man for?" said Seward.

"Well, I promised to pardon him," said Lincoln.

"Well," said Seward, "If you pardon that man, you will accept my resignation. I had a right to be counseled in this matter, and if you pardon treason I'll quit."

Lincoln walked out. The man was not pardoned but shot, as were his confederates in the crime. Then Booth swore that Lincoln and Seward's lives should avenge the life of his cousin. The world knows the sequel.

It was in the summer of 1863, New Washington, in Crawford county, Ohio, was surrounded with troops sent up from Johnson's Island, who took fourteen prisoners back with them. The writer was at Plymouth the night of the occurrence and saw the troops.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

COUGH REMEDY—No. 1.

5 cents worth Elecompaine root; 5 cents worth of Spignet root; 5 cents worth of Cumfrey root; 5

cents worth of Horehound; 2 quarts rain water; boil down to one quart, then add 5 cents worth of extract of Licorice and 10 cents worth of Rock Candy. Dose a teaspoonful.

FOR RHEUMATISM—No. 2.

Mix one-half pint of good whisky with one ounce of Toris Compound. Take tablespoonful before eating and at bedtime.

FOR CATARRH—No. 3.

Glycerine, 2 ounces; Borax, 1 Dram; Carbolic Acid, 12 drops; Aqua, 1 pint. Use atomizer to spray nostrils and throat.

FOR COUGH—No. 4.

5 cents worth of Rock Candy; 5 cent stick Licorice; 1 pound Brown Sugar; one-half package Horehound. Boil and strain the Horehound. Add the rest and boil thick.

TO EXTERMINATE BED BUGS—No. 5.

Insects of any kind, use Sippadilla.

STOMACH TROUBLE—No. 6.

Tinct. Cardoman, 1 ounce; Tinct. Rheubarb, one-half ounce; Essence of Pepsin, 1 ounce; Elix. Cinchom, 2 ounces. Teaspoonful after meals.

LIVER; KIDNEYS—No. 7.

Fluid Extract of Dandelion, one-half ounce; Com-

pound Kargon, 1 ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, 3 ounces. One teaspoonful dose after meals.

FRUIT PRESERVATIVE—No. 8

Pack as closely as possible in can or jar, then cover with water containing one-fourth ounce of Salicylic Acid dissolved in 1 ounce of alcohol and 2 pounds of sugar to each gallon of water used.

FOR KEEPING CORN—No. 9.

Proceed as above (No. 8) except use 6 pwt. Salicylic Acid dissolved in 1 ounce of alcohol and 5 ounces of salt to each gallon of water used. Soak in water before using.

FOR PICKLING CUCUMBERS, ONIONS, ETC.— No. 10.

Cover with vinegar containing 4 pwt. Salicylic Acid dissolved in 1 ounce of alcohol, 4 ounces of salt to each gallon of water used. Spice to suit taste.

TO PRESERVE CIDER—No. 11.

Dissolve 1 ounce of Salicylic Acid in 4 ounces of alcohol. Draw one gallon from the barrel, stir well into this, then stir this into the barrel.

TO CURE BEEF—No. 12.

For 100 pounds of beef, nine pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpeter, two ounces of black pepper, and one pint of molasses. Pack your beef in a cask and put all this mixture over it. Then pour boiling wa-

ter over it until covered. Cover tight and you will have corned beef that will keep a year.

ANOTHER BEEF CURE—No. 13.

100 pounds beef; 6 pounds salt; 2 pounds sugar; 2 ounces saltpeter; one-half ounce baking soda and 4 gallons of water.

A CURE FOR SPAVIN IN HORSES—No. 14.

Caustic Balsam.

HARNESS BLACKING—No. 15.

3 ounces Beeswax; 4 ounces Ivory Black; 1 pint Neats-foot Oil; 2 ounces Castile Soap; 2 ounces Lard; 1 ounce Aloes. Boil and cool.

THE GOVERNMENT HARNESS DRESSING— No. 16.

1 gallon Neats-foot Oil; 2 pounds Bayberry Tallow; 2 pounds Beeswax; 2 pounds Beef Tallow. Put the above into a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add 2 quarts of Caster Oil, then while on the fire stir in one ounce of Lamp Black. Mix well and strain through a fine cloth to remove sediment. This is great for leather of all kinds.

CURE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA—No. 17.

One tablespoonful of salt and one of pulverized alum to one quart of meal. If the chickens are too sick to eat, give them pills of this mixture. Repeat the dose.

MUCILAGE—No. 18.

The best quality is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and vinegar and adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol and a small quantity of alum dissolved in water.

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA—No. 19.

Charcoal, 1 pound; Sulphur, 1 pound; Sodium Chloride, 2 pounds; Sodium Bicarbonate, 2 pounds; Sodium Hyposulphite, 2 pounds; Sodium Sulphate, 1 pound; Antimony Sulphate, 1 pound. Pulverize and thoroughly mix.

The above is the best in the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, D. C., and is worth more than many times the cost of this book.

HORSE-CURE FOR GREASE HEEL—No. 20.

One ounce of Opium; one and a half ounces of Sugar of Lead; one quart of Milk.

TO MAKE A BUSHEL BOX—No. 21.

12 inches deep; 13 inches wide, and 15 inches long.

ANOTHER—No. 22.

13 1-2 inches wide; 23 inches long, 8 inches deep.

FOR CORNS; HARD OR SOFT—No. 23.

Ten cents worth of strong Acetic Acid and a small-sized Camel's hair brush. With the brush ap-

ply the acid freely to the corn, for three or four nights in succession, being careful not to get more on the surrounding skin than can be avoided.

FOR BURNS, SCALDS, ETC.—No. 24.

Where the skin is not broken use Chloroform. This will stop the pain at once. In the absence of chloroform, use vinegar. When the skin is broken and the part is raw, use the following: Olive Oil by weight, six parts; Carbolic Acid, pure, one part. Shake well until thoroughly mixed, then apply to the parts with soft brush or feather and cover with cotton moistened with same. This will stop all pain immediately. It is by far the best remedy known.

DIPHTHERIA (SORE THROAT)—No. 25.

One-half pint cider vinegar; one-half pint rain water; two pounds loaf sugar; measure, then simmer one hour (do not boil), then add enough vinegar to replace what the simmer reduced. Put one teaspoonful ground blood root in before simmering. Dose to adult one teaspoonful.

FOR ASTHMA.

Use Malta Yerbine.—Mrs. Clay Holtz.

HOW TO PRODUCE COLORS.

Brown—Made with red and black. *Bright Brown*—Carmine, yellow and black. *Rose*—Lake and white. *Chestnut*—Brown and white. *Cream*—White, yellow and Venetian red. *Purple*—Carmine,

and blue. *Lead Color*—White and black. *Pearl*—Blue and lead color. *Pearl Gray*—White, blue and black. *Silver Gray*—Indigo and lamp black. *Pink*—White and carmine. *Chocolate*—Black and Venetian red. *French White*—Purple and white. *Green*—Blue and yellow. *Pea Green*—Green and white. *Dark Green*—Green and black. *Bright Green*—White and green. *Orange*—Red and yellow. *Flesh Color*—White, lake and vermilion. *Olive*—Red, blue, black and yellow. *Buff*—Yellow, white and red. *Vermilion*—Carmine and yellow. *Straw Color*—White and yellow. *Lavender*—Carmine, ultramarine and white. *Sky Blue*—White and ultramarine. *Umber*—White, yellow, red and black. *Drab*—Umber, white and Venetian red. Use white to produce light tints and black to produce dark.

CHAPTER VIII.

In closing this volume, which has been written and compiled under great physical affliction, our only regret is that we could not secure better data, and had not the ability to enter upon more enlarged research for information. The task now is quite different, whatever it may be, than roving in the forest in boyhood day or coon hunting at night. The wild turkey, deer, raccoon, opossum, gray, black and fox squirrel, wood-chuck, mink, weasel and even muskrat were targets for the gun or game for the dog. The ax, cross-cut saw and maul and wedge in constant use, piling and burning chunks, hauling logs and staves, plowing in new ground, hoeing corn, hunting in the woods for missing cows, shelling corn for milling, digging potatoes, husking corn, making and mending fences, skating, sleighing, attending church or night school, oh! this busy world is all alive. Let us not set it ajar, but help along for the welfare of future generations.

The pioneers of Richmond are nearly all gone to their reward. James Hutchinson, Harriet Rogers, Ed Franklin, John Hoyles, Mrs. Frederick, ——— Ebinger being among the oldest now.

Thus the chariot of time is moving us on, the hosts of the Almighty are marching and we are nearing our eternal Home. If so much can be crowded into a short lifetime, as the foregoing pages show, how about the broad expanse of an endless existence beyond the skies where no clouds ever

darken the perpetual sunshine of endless day? In Father's house of many mansions, that Home of the soul, where so many of the ancestors of this generation now (the fathers and mothers) repose, I expect ere long to take up my permanent abode. Lodging free. Boarding gratis. Recreation thrown in. Time eternal. Pleasures immortal. Society of saints and angels perpetual. Loved ones here long parted, there forever united, my God, can it be?

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing his praise,
Than when we first begun."

Here we are prone to look backward to the time when we could say, "We are all here." There sits father in his arm chair, mother, God bless her, see her silvery locks and thinning lips, she, too, is growing old. And here are brother and sister, yes! we are all—all here!"

Now we are compelled to say, "We're *not* all here! Some are away! The dead ones dear are not here. And so we scan the lonely hills of time and indeed wonder if it be true, that time is the soother of all our sorrows?

But in planting firmly upon God's word, the Holy Bible, we look forward with an assurance, begotten of Him, and by Faith, "which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," (King James version) we know that,
"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, no more pain, for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:4.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14.

DEAR READER.

May I make this last appeal to you? This Home of the soul is for you and for me. It is a personal matter. I hope you have been interested in reading the foregoing pages, and I hope we may now take the parting hand in good friendship; but ten times ten thousand times had I rather know that you have chosen Jesus Christ as the Captain of your Salvation and have his love shed abroad in your heart, your name written in Heaven. If so, then we shall meet again on the shores of immortality. Oh! God grant that it may be so!

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